The Bystander, March 6, 1918.—No. 744. Vol. LVII.

The BYSTANDER

"COMING OVER THE TOP"—

The Business Man means Business

BYSTANDER COMMENTS ON THE WORLD WAR — AND ON THOSE WHO WAGE IT WISELY AND OTHERWISELY

Business Men's War Bond Week

THE clever exploiting of the spirit of competition amongst provincial cities has, during the last few months, raised a great deal of money by means of the visits of the tanks. To do a bit better than your neighbour or your rival town has been a wonder-working incentive. This week a new fount of endeavour is opened. The people of each city and town in the kingdom, according to its size, are asked to purchase War Bonds sufficient to provide a definite instrument of war for the nation, ranging from a super-Dreadnought down to an aeroplane. The "our" submarine—"our" aeroplane idea should catch on very well, especially if the "instrument of war" thus provided is christened with the name of the town supplying it; and if it should, through the chances of war, come to an untimely end its city would surely hasten to replace it.

London's Part

BUT what of London's share? It is up to London to wipe out the fact that the result of her tank week was nothing like so good as the results attained by some of the big provincial cities. This was no doubt partly owing to the fact that the tank campaign started in London, and that there was consequently no standard of comparison. London now is asked to contribute more than the whole of the rest of the country combined. This is a tall order, but London must rise to the occasion.

VON HERTLING'S LAMENT

"Although I listen to der voice,
Der face I never see!"

Rival Boroughs

THE "rivalry" idea is maintained by making each London borough a separate subscribing entity. Despite the ideals set forth in that classic work "The Napoleon of Notting Hill," I have some doubts whether borough rivalry will count for much. The vast majority of Londoners are content to be Londoners, and not merely Islingtonians or Hammersmithians—indeed, a great many of them would not have the vaguest idea what borough they lived in were it not for the demand notes for their rates! When their only apparent connection with the borough is of this recurrently unpleasing nature, it is trying them rather highly to think that it will imbue them with a high spirit of "local" patriotism!

Oliver Objects to Roland

"PLEASE, let us all drop the use of poison gas." "Please let us agree not to bomb towns outside the zone of operations." These bleats from Germany indicate either that she is getting the worst of the exchanges in these respects, or that she desires to catch us unawares once more. The former alternative is probably the truer one; leather does not make as good a gas mask as rubber, and the at-last-bombed German towns do not like the bombing treatment applied to themselves, however merrily they may have laughed when London was being "laid in ruins." But it may be hoped that we are now birds of an age uncatchable by chaff, and that instead of withdrawing what the German wants withdrawn, we shall double our efforts to give him what he so clearly dislikes.

Japan

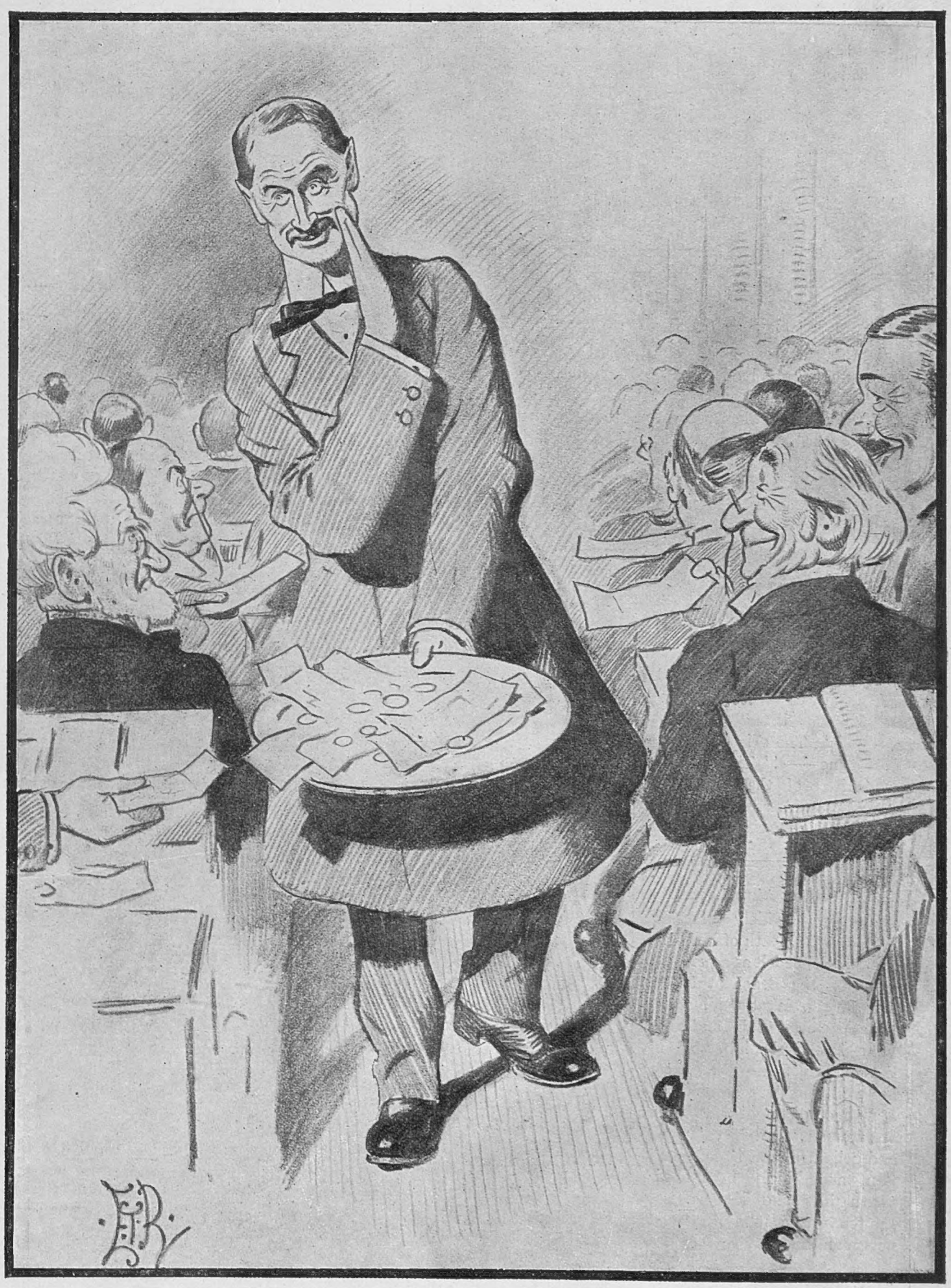
WE would remind all who glibly talk of Japan's active entry into the war as if it solved all our difficulties of the late Lord Salisbury's advice to "study large maps." It is a far cry from Vladivostok to the Urals even. And Japan, though no advocate of the "wait and see" policy, wants to be sure that, this time, she will be allowed to keep what the valour of her soldiers wins for her.

Rations for Rationals

WAS Compulsory Military Service necessary after all? "If you want a cut off the joint—join the Army!" What a queue there would have been at the recruiting offices and how the hungry forty-fives would have protested that they were merely careworn thirty-sixes. Still, we are doing very nicely thank you. Fish is excellent, and if our cooks have not learnt how to make omelets we know how to eat them; and we shall all have such graceful figures and find plenty of room in our old clothes; and the doctors, I hear, are in despair. We are all becoming so healthy. There are no limits to what patriotism can do for people when once they really practise it.

(Continued on page 490)

Takin' Up the Collection



BONAR LAW *(wi' the plate)* (whispers): "Ma' friends, it's a graund opportunity! Noo, ye ken perrfectly weel it's neither he-r-re nor the-r-re that ye hae gi'en tae the Funds a'ready! Ye maun juist dig deep into your 'stockin'-fut,' and it'll be naething but a michty gra-tification tae me if ye inadverrtently for-rm a ha-bit o' so doin'!"

(Our artist says that if the above turns out to be Scotch nobody will be more astounded than himself. But, of course, all "Scotch" is very much diluted nowadays!—EDITOR.)

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (*concluded*)

Socialism "Cooked"

Of course, war upsets everything—particularly predictions and convictions. (Have we *any* war-prophets left nowadays?) As for convictions—political not police—we only remember them to disavow them promptly. A great Labour Minister, for instance, said last week: "I am a Socialist, but war has killed Socialism by adopting it." Who will listen to a Socialist in the future, when he remembers what happened under war administration? The only Socialists left will be the army corps of officials, and every one who is not an official will, when peace comes, throw things at those who are.

Short Memories

I should rejoice to think that that Labour Minister was right, but have we not tragically short memories? When some great blunder has obviously been made we say—and I think very properly—"We'll settle that little account when peace comes. For the present we must get on with the war!" Yes, but, as I say, we forget so quickly! Still, ought we not to remember Russia—whatever else may slip from us—and all that Mr. Ramsay Macdonald and Mr. Henderson pledged themselves to with regard to the dear revolutionaries?

High Jinks on High Seas

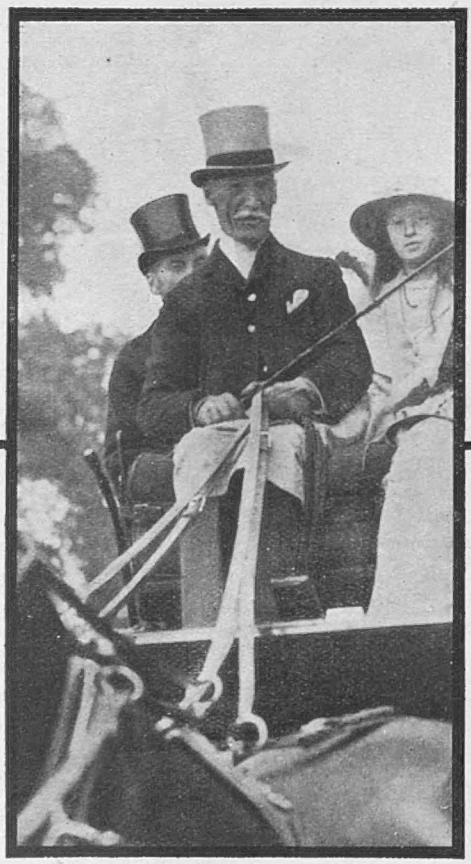
A British naval officer recently back from Russia has the most amusing stories to tell of revolution in practice. "We said to their skipper: 'hadn't you better push off for ——?' The skipper to us: 'Just a mo——!' Then he calls a committee of the citizens on board and addresses them and they appoint a special committee to consider and report to the whole crew on the motion. Then it was debated in full house for two days, and as likely as not the ship is torpedoed before the vote!"

Books the War Killed

The war killed several very promising books. One, I remember, was to have been published the very day that Russia mobilised. It was immediately withdrawn as its title was "Red Russia"! That work, at any rate, should have a great sale to-day. Another was a thumping indictment of the Asquith Ministry, and a large first issue was printed for publication in August, 1914. The very first paragraph put the book out of court. "There is only one thing we can say for the Liberal Government, and that is—it has preserved for us unbrokenly the peace of Europe!" There must be quite a number of similar book casualties, and a collection of the unpublished "masterpieces" would be of peculiar interest.

Sweet Simplicity!

Good news for all those who in the past have wrestled wearily with the filling up of Income-tax Return forms—a task only slightly less appalling than the eventual payment of the tax itself, when the assessors have interpreted the forms according to their own ideas. We have all cried for more simplicity, and now, according to the Lord Chancellor, we are going to get it. This will be quite obvious when it is mentioned that there are *only* about 250 clauses in the "simplifying" Bill! After this passes into law, everybody should have the whole thing at their fingers' ends—and pay up to fifty per cent. of their incomes with the utmost cheerfulness. Oh, these lawyers!



THE LATE MR. ALAN LUPTON
Driving his team at a meet of the Four-in-Hand Club

The Late Mr. Alan Lupton

In many widely different places the death of Mr. Alan Lupton will be felt as a personal loss. On the Bench at Ripon and in the West Riding, in the Coaching Club and the Four-in-Hand Club, and in the hunting field—in all these he will be sorely missed. A man of distinguished charm of manner, urbane, witty, and delightful in his conversation, and kindly in all his thoughts and actions, Mr. Lupton was a man who made many friends and never an enemy.

At Work—

But to the full as much as anywhere else, his attractive personality, his great energy, and his sound instinct will be missed in the board room of The Graphic, The Daily Graphic, and The Bystander. Eleven years ago Mr. Lupton became a director of the company, and last year he became chairman of the board. His colleagues know how well he served the interests of the firm; the whole staff of the three papers know that they have lost in him one who was always alive to their welfare. He was a real and true friend to all in every department of the business.

—And at Leisure

Yet, shrewd and capable as he was in business, it was in his relaxations that he really lived. Driving his perfectly-matched teams in the Park, or riding hard to hounds in his beloved Yorkshire, Mr. Lupton was an English country gentleman of the very best type. And in the country where

Peel's "View-Halloa" would awaken the dead

he was laid to rest last week in a little village churchyard some miles from Ripon—buried there by his own wish, so that he might "still hear the hounds coming by in the morning."

An Artist's Wife

Camera study] MRS. C. R. W. NEVINSON *[Bertram Park*

Wife of the famous artist whose pictures of the war on the Western Front have been the subject of so much discussion. The second series of these pictures is now on exhibition at the Leicester Gallery, Leicester Square

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"IN ENGLAND—NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHE"

Illustrations by HELEN McKIE

LONDON, *March* 4, 1918.

DEAR COUSIN—

SPRING is coming! And "summer time" is only a week or two ahead. But so, alas! is such a horrid lot more war that one may hardly enjoy without a pang, in these days of tears and terror, even the

daffodils
That come before the swallow dares and take
The winds of March with beauty

and make excitingly gay even the grey streets of this greyest of cities.

卐 卐

WILL it *never* come—that longed-for day
. . . when the spring of the world shall shrive our stain
After the winter of war;
When the poor world wakes to peace once more
After such night of ravage and of rain?

卐 卐

IN that most interesting new book, American Ambassador Gerard's on Germany, this very new thing in plenipotentiaries tells us how he once asked Von Jagow when the war would end. The old worldling answered: "An old history of the Seven Years' War concludes: 'The King and the Empress were tired of war, so they made peace.' That is how the war will end."

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BUT, alas! there are no signs yet that the Kaiser is tired. Dreaming his dream of German world-empire, this arch-plotter and intriguer, says Gerard, is still the restless Emperor. "He is never satisfied to remain more than a few days in any place or in any occupation . . . He commands his armies in person . . .

I AIDS—AND HOW TO TREAT THEM

The Chubby-Chuffs are not afraid
Of any noisy Gotha raid;
And when they hear the loud maroon
They do not jump, or scream, or swoon!

"The daffodils that come before the swallow dares"

and as well he has won distinction as a writer and public speaker. He is an excellent shot. He has composed music, written verses, painted a picture, and the beautiful Byzantine chapel in the castle of Posen shows his genius for architecture . . .

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"THE Emperor William is out of uniform only on rare occasions . . . In appearance and conversation he is very manly. His voice is strong with a ring in it, and he talks like Roosevelt, with the same energy, the same violence of gesture and of voice, all his mental energy concentrated on the conversation. . . . I was struck by his knowledge of other countries, lands which he had never visited. He was familiar not only with their manners, customs, industries, and public men, but with their commercial problems . . . Of all the ruling houses of the world, the Hohenzollerns have shown themselves the most able."

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WHY, by the way, don't *our* diplomats and people give *us* a few word pictures like that about the monarchs they've dined with or the queens whose hands they've kissed? The trouble is, you know, about our old official landed classes, the sort whose sons went either into diplomacy or the Church, or the Army, or politics—the one-time ruling set—they're such *dull* dogs. So blanketed round, so stuffily suffocated by the things that are, or are not, done; so unimaginative and unprogressive; so pedestrian in thought and so correct in word and deed, and, to top the lot, filled full to the brim with a self-esteem so overmastering as to make the very angels weep—with laughing.

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AFTER all that has happened, and all that is happening, and all that will happen, when all that matters at all is

(*Continued on page 494*)

whether you have, or haven't, a life to give for England, it shows, doesn't it, how deeply fixed it is, that it should have survived—that amazing self-satisfaction and utter self-complacence that wraps as in a cloak our "Best People"? In the devastatingly democratic trend of life in war-time, you'd have thought it'd have got frayed at the edges or at least frazzled out a bit somewhere; but not a bit of it. Blue blood is still the one sure shield and buckler in spite of the levelling effects of rations and air-raids—even, it seems, in a Tube lift, where last week I saw a duke's fair and famous daughter holding it with no less high-handed, clear-voiced insolence than ever between herself and the horrid herd of humanity that also breathed the circumambient air.

卐 卐

APROPOS, don't you think it's a good idea that when all the food's rationed—as I suppose it soon will be—there should be given to the non-worker the leastest portion of everything? The full-grown man or woman who works neither with head or hands is in these days just a blot on the busy scheme of life at the nation's cross-roads. With no call on muscle or brains—except to dodge cellarwards when there's a raid on—just enough to keep body and soul together is all that's required, and what the drones didn't get could go to the children who, poor dears, are learning in the hard school of actual fact these days the Victorian axiom about always leaving-off-when-you-feel-like-just-a-little-more.

They calmly finish up their dinner
(Respectful of the "man" that's "inner")
Then fetch the baby down, and sit
Warm by the fire, and smoke and knit

卐 卐

BY the way, *could* they but revisit the phases of the moon *how* they'd stare, wouldn't they, those believers in a-good-round-square-"hearty"-meal forefathers of ours, who, whatever else they missed, saw to it that there was always a "groaning" board? And what of the housewives and cooks who presided over the vast kitchens, where they used to prepare those succulent meals, and, I suppose, read (and act upon) the recipes that start: "Take a dozen eggs, a gill of cream, and half a pound of butter."

卐 卐

COULD they read, *par exemple*, as I read last week in a quite new touch in "social" paragraphs:

Walking down Marylebone Road yesterday, I was very interested to see Lady —— coming out of the Marylebone Public Baths with a parcel of food for her dinner. The mutton pies (4*d*. each), she said, "make me quite long for dinner-time, and I wish I'd got a bowl to take the soup home in."

Isn't that *sorcy*? So *much* more in the movement and that than the one-time—

Met Lady —— on her way to lunch at Blaridge's She was wearing her pearls and had with her Binkum and Blinkum, the priceless pedigree Peke puppies she bought from Prince Chu Chin Chow at Cowes last summer. Her husband is in the Guards, you know, and she is, of course, the fifth daughter of that amusing person, Emmeline Duchess of Dillwater.

卐 卐

WHICH reminds me of the priceless lady who is once again Emma Dowager Duchess of Dullwater in the immortal *Bing Boys* (new version) at the Alhambra. I'll not take even money on whether "Violet" and "George" have picked *quite* such a winner with

The first love
Is the last love
And the best love of all

as in the old

If you were the only girl.

卐 卐

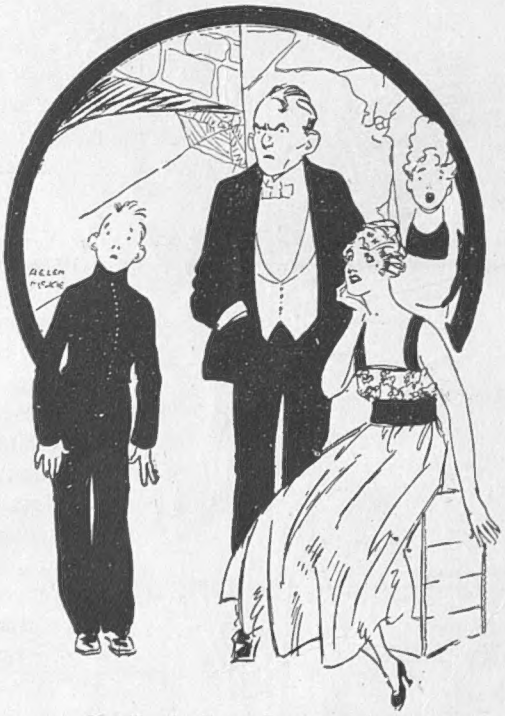
BUT the sentiment's all right, isn't it, nice and squishy and all that, and positively might have been written (as no doubt it was) for the edification of the baby sec.-lieuts. and their flapper girls, who like the suggestion of immortality thus given to their infant passions.

卐 卐

AND with Robey—in clothes more Robeian than ever—giving us his unfailingly fetching touch

The wench was comely, I swear
(Robeian "business" with cane),

not to speak of Robey in a New York opium den (op'd not wisely but too well and properly in the Heaven stage); Robey as U-Ka-Lip-Tus (in "The King of the Wah Wahs, or, She Bit Him"); Robey (in his own particular dress suit) in a smart New York roof restaurant, telling us what a whiffler Emma is—"she's a *born* whiffler! She's always whiffling!"—altogether the show's a great one.



Not like the Cowry-Coves next door,
Who rush down to the cellar floor,
And scream at every noisy gun,
And catch *such* colds before it's done!

卐 卐

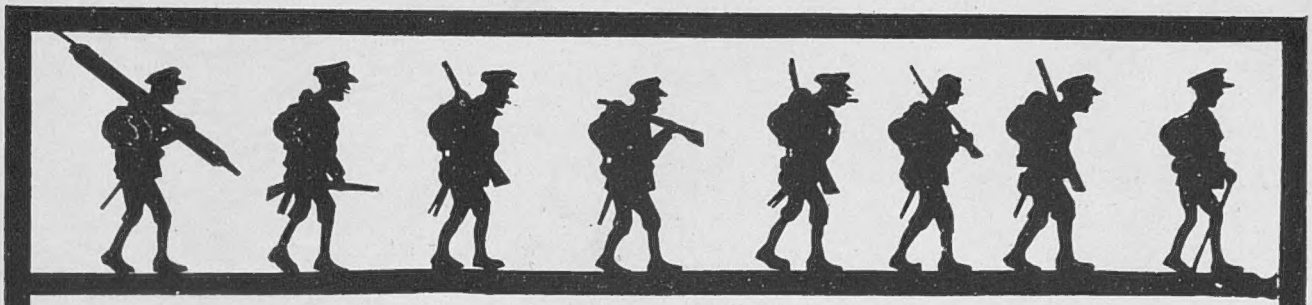
BINGWARDS flock the on-leafers (Gothas or no Gothas) and so, let me whisper, do the always-with-us ones; and it once again looks as if there'll be Bing Boys in Leicester Square

Day after day,
Week after week,
Month after month,
And year after year.

The Bing Boys on Broadway have in fact *clicked*. Evidently, as Mr. Huntley says in *Pamela*, "That's the stuff to give 'em!"

(*Continued on page 496*)

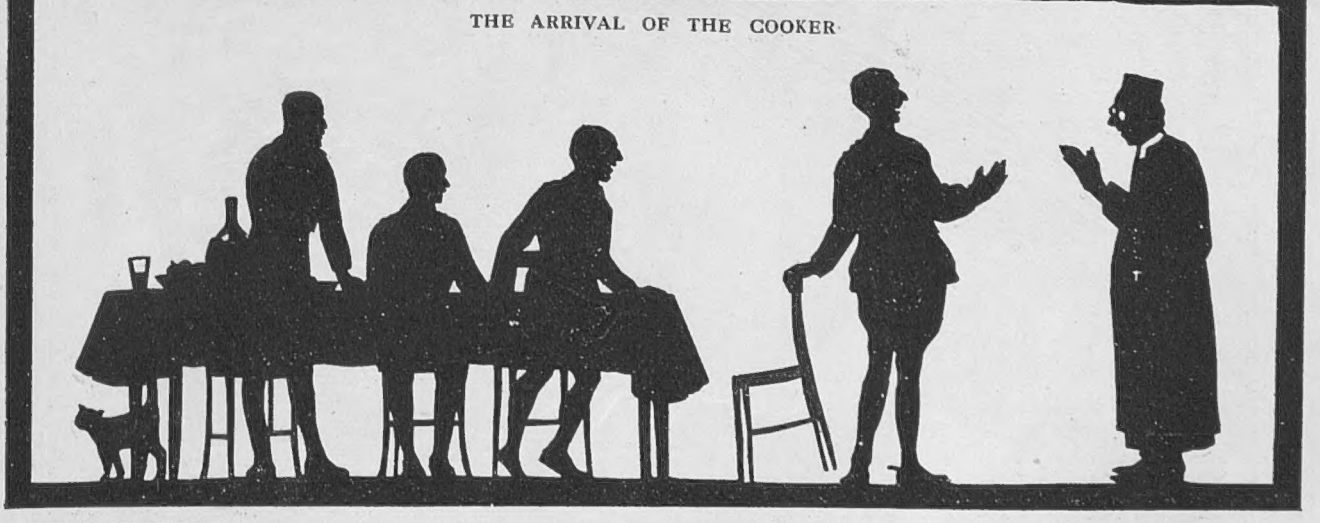
A Subaltern's Stunts in Italy



ON THE WAY UP COUNTRY

IN A FARM KITCHEN

THE ARRIVAL OF THE COOKER



PASSED BY CENSOR

DINNER AT THE PRIEST'S HOUSE

The arrival of British troops in Italy naturally caused no small stir in the villages, and Lieut. Oakley has silhouetted for us a few characteristic scenes. The travelling field-kitchens were objects of great interest to the Italian women, and the "feathered" legs of the "heavies" a source of delight and wonder. The "Parrocho," or priest, in the lower picture is refusing an invitation to dinner (with his own guests) since it happens to be, for him, a "fast day"

BUT in war-time, it seems, *everything's* the stuff to give 'em! Farce, comedy, tragedy, *revue*, light opera, real opera, and even serious drama all tumble over each other in the race for success that is run by the theatre in England, the while Europe rocks to her foundations, and in millions elsewhere men face death and wounds and hardships beyond telling.

卐 卐

AND not content with our existing programme, a new play society called The Plough has just sprung into being. It makes its bow to the world on Sunday with a concert in which musicians like Granville Bantock, Arnold Bax, Eugene Goossens and Cyril Scott figure, and on its committee you may read such names as John Drinkwater and Laurence Binyon, poets; Jacob Epstein, sculptor; Glyn Philpot, fashionable portraitist; George Sheringham, painter of fans; and Lady Lavery.

卐 卐

ONE of the "shows" of the week is an Imperial Photographs Exhibition (of pictures taken as near the fighting as official cameras may go) that's at the Grafton Galleries, where the soldierman is now no longer out of bounds, so once again he dances there and great is the sound of revelry by night. And now that March is here the Charity Show fever has also broken out again, though very mildly, for it fairly wore itself out in the first two years of the war, and even the Best People get tired in time of seeing each other in *tableaux* or selling to each other at bazaars. More popular are the spring Red Cross Sales at Christie's where camouflaged in the kindly cloak of charity, one may fairly let oneself go in that acquisition of *vertu* which is a vice second in virulence only, I think, to the cocktail habit.

Thus, when at last they gladly hear
The Boy-Scout's bugle-call—"All Clear!"
The Chubby-Chuffs, all through the storm,
Have kept quite cool—*by keeping warm!*

卐 卐

THE very latest thing in State departments being the Propaganda one, and some very "live" men being amongst the propaganding officials, we're awaiting here, not without interest, the first glimpse of their new efforts. Meantime, a soldierman on leave has just been telling me how hot and strong over in France they keep up the hate business. Postcards, posters, pamphlets, films, newspapers, all give daily and hourly publicity to the one thing needful—which is to hate Brother Boche and kill as many as you can. "Our men," said my battle fighter, "have almost forgotten that they hate Boche. He's just the enemy now (and a dam clever one, too!), and —well, quite a lot more hate wouldn't do us any harm. The fighting spirit *wants* to be kept at boiling point. Let it die down and you lose something rather important—if you want to win the war!" Glad to say *my* hate's still at boiling point all right, especially after those latest Red Cross revelations.

With love, yours ever, BLANCHE.

AT THE END OF THE SEASON

Lady Money and her little boys at a meet of the West Kent Foxhounds in Penshurst village

Extracts from a Pilot's Training Manual

PASSED BY CENSOR

No. 14.—"It is much better to gain height on the way to the starting-point of a reconnaissance than to climb over the aerodrome"

"Somewhere in Flanders"

FREDERICK

My Dear Bystander—

The Military Police arrested him in a small village on suspicion of being a deserter. Aghast at such an insinuation, he swore by all the gods that he had never been in the Army in his life. His name was Pierre Lacour, he said, born at Nantes in '81, and exempted from military service in 1914. He was just a casual labourer for the present, and it was a bit hard when an honest toiler couldn't earn his bread in peace without being interfered with by a lot of clumsy soldiers looking for a job. He announced his intention of writing to his Député about it.

* *

It will go down as a lasting testimonial to the invigorating properties of French beer that just before closing time a great weariness came upon him, and burying his face in his hands he declared that he couldn't stand the inquisition any longer, that his name was not Pierre Lacour, but Friedrich Baumgarten, born in Stuttgart, resident in France for thirteen years, and that his heart was in the right place. Hardly able to speak for his emotion, he added that there was a bond between himself and the gallant French nation which nothing but death could ever hope to sever, that the Kaiser was a quirk of the first order, and that the more he saw of the noble English the more his heart warmed towards them. Sometimes it nearly scorched him. Thus Friedrich Baumgarten was passed to us by the A.P.M. for subtler treatment.

* *

It was now up to us in the profession to extract the real story of his life, to compel him to confess himself an enemy agent, to denounce his accomplices, to expose the entire organisation in Flanders. What a *coup!* What a mention in despatches!

We fairly rubbed our hands over Frederick. We gloated over him for hours at a time.

* *

We began by talking to him on the lines of a sorrowful parent to his wayward child. Over unlimited beer we pointed out the striking advantages that accrued from frank avowals, we emphasised the strong position we were in to make things easy for him; we dwelt on the misfortune of people who opposed our will, and drew cheerless pictures of impatient firing parties on frosty mornings.

It left him cold. He seemed to be still regretting his first confession.

* *

On the third day we determined on frightfulness, I drank a whole bottle of red wine in order to impart a dull plum-coloured hue to my face. A man with a plum-coloured face will never stand any nonsense. The frightfulness was awful. Never have I been in better form. My face got plummier and plummier. Frederick recoiled from me in terror, and I could see that he was shaken to the core. "To-morrow morning," I concluded hoarsely, "I shall see you again at 9 o'clock."

They led him away to his dungeon. I felt convinced that Frederick was on the point of confession. I dreamt that night that I had been summoned to an Investiture at the Palace and that Lord Northcliffe had presented me there with a gold Albert.

* *

At 8.55 next morning the suspense was almost unbearable. At 8.59 the door opened and my staff-sergeant appeared. He was looking worried. A cold fear clutched at my heart. "Baumgarten," I mouthed, "where is he?"

My staff-sergeant saluted. "He passed away in the night, sir," he said. "We found him dead this morning from heart disease."

Yours ever,

Jack Johnson.

Canadian Official Records

AS IN THE DAYS OF OLD

A prisoner captured at Arleux, wearing the latest German body armour

REMORSE

I did not know until we had to part,
How much, how very much you meant to me!
Now you are gone and sadness fills my heart:
Life's music is a weary threnody.

Too oft the jewel lying in our hand
Is treated with contempt, is under-prized
Till it is stolen—*then* we understand
The value that we never realised.

I feel a blank, a void which none can fill;
Thus for my heedlessness I pay the cost;
I've searched for you, but the result was nil,
O ration card, that I unwisely lost!

Leslie M. Oyler.

BAIRNSFATHER ON THE ITALIAN FRONT.

A Visit to the Alpini

PASSED BY CENSOR

There are times when the Italians must almost wish they were not such good engineers

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

EDDIES of WAR

THE X QUANTITY.

BY DELL LEIGH

WHEN Stella St. John forsook the stage for matrimony her agent wept openly on the morocco leather sofa in his office. The management of the Pantheon swore dreadfully under its breath, and cast about amongst a sterile firmament of stars for a substitute, which they found, *faute de mieux*, in Alice Andrewes. The picture postcard merchants turned their gargantuan cameras towards less radiant rows of teeth, and other eyes, and Stella St. John smiled at you no longer from the windows of the fancy stationers. And the great and infallible British public forgot her in a fortnight.

A YEAR afterwards if you had mentioned her name the man to whom you addressed your remark would probably have said: "Stella St. John? Stella St. John?—er—let's see—oh, yes, didn't she dance, or something, somewhere? I say, put a bit of coal on that fire, there's a good fellow. Are you going away this week-end?" But there were certain men who did not forget her. Two such were Meyers, who owned the Pantheon, and "Father" Freeman. Both these gentlemen looked upon actresses generally and Stella St. John particularly as an X quantity in their many and pressing affairs. The difference between them, however, was that Meyers lived, moved, and motored in his sumptuous Rolls (with almost unlimited petrol) by the collective grace of body and timbre of voice of the thousand and one girls who filled the bills at the houses owned by the Meyers Theatre and Variety Syndicate, Ltd. To him they represented a conglomerated mass of extremely troublesome females, each one of whom, taken in the abstract, represented so much (or so much less) bookings; for "bookings," you see, were Meyers' Alpha and Omega. With their souls or personalities he had no concern. With Father Freeman it was different. He had a large and honest heart. The girls liked him, and came to him with many troubles which he often smoothed away, for he was a man to be reckoned with amongst theatrical brass hats.

And he knew the market upside down.

MEYERS had never had any long run at the Pantheon since he lost Stella St. John, and his pocket felt it keenly. He met Freeman one night at a "Footlights" dinner and complained bitterly.

"Why don't you wangle her back?" grunted Freeman.

"I've tried; she won't come," said Meyers.

"Rot," answered Father Freeman.

Meyers thought this all over during the night, and rang Freeman up next morning.

"I say, regarding Stella; do you think she would take the lead in the new show next month, old man?"

"I don't know," answered Freeman dubiously, "she's very much married, y'know." He didn't add what *he* knew—which was a good deal.

"Yes, but if there is anyone who can persuade her it's you. Tell her three hundred a week for the run, ol' man, and there's a monkey for you if you pull it off."

"I'll see what I can do. So long!"

FREEMAN knew that Stella's husband was for France again very shortly, and that Mrs. Braide (as she now was) felt the parting keenly. So he asked them both to lunch at the Ritz and was very diplomatic.

His discourse ended something like this:

"You see, you two dears, you are going to be parted very soon. You will be very unhappy, Stella, you will have nothing to occupy your mind; there is three hundred a week waiting for you, a first class show, four very good numbers, and the best house in London. As for you, Braide, my boy, you will have the satisfaction of knowing that all your pals coming home on leave will go and see her, and love it. Besides, what is the good of Stella moping her heart out in that great barrack of yours in Scotland, I ask you?" Father Freeman had his way; he always did.

Braide was all for it from the first. Stella hung back. But the old allurement played upon her, and she succumbed.

LONDON rang with the news. The bookings were immense. Braide went overseas right at the beginning of the rehearsals, and the choking depression that enveloped poor Stella was in great part allayed by her physical and mental hard work.

The first night was a scream of joy. The stalls rose at her. And when she sang the big number, "My heart is with you, dear," senior and beribboned officers fumbled for their handkerchiefs.

The papers next day warbled about "The Great Return," and theatre-goers forgot Germany for quite forty-eight hours. Father Freeman looked on placidly from his eighth row stall and wondered which bills he should pay with his "monkey."

UNFORTUNATELY for Meyers, the Higher Command thought fit to embark upon an advance of some magnitude at about this period; and Major Braide was in it. Wires from friends at B.H.Q. began to be received in Stella's dressing-room, and on the fifth night of the show she was at least a semitone flat in all her songs.

The final wire was from Braide himself to say that the wound was amenable to treatment, and that they had sent him to hospital in Inverness-shire.

STELLA tore up her contract, said she would pay whatever was necessary, and disappeared from the ken of man in a Scotch sleeper from King's Cross.

The X, or unknown quantity, of a wounded husband, had never entered into Meyers' abstruse calculations—and he was very upset about it.

I understand that he and Freeman are still haggling over the "monkey."

But Stella and Braide are quite happy in Scotland: and "My heart is with you, dear," is on all the best gramophones.

The Prince as a Miner

AT HOME—BUT IN THE TRENCHES STILL

Photograph *Sport and General*

The Prince of Wales, on his recent visit to his Duchy of Cornwall estates, went down in miner's clothes into the cuttings of the tin and wolfram mines, and himself used a sledge-hammer to drive in iron wedges for the extraction of the ore

Back to Blighty

THE RETURN OF THE PRISONERS

British officers waving farewell to the Dutch nurses as their ship sails for England and—home

The Bystander in Paris

ON FAIT LE CARÊME

Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN

"I have the consciousness like a boy who has too long legs for his trousers"

MES AMIS—

I WONDER, do you remember yourselves the onion of Léonie. It is three or four months that I write how she was pleased because the onion had only two coats. "It will make a good weather this winter," she say, "because, see how the onion has only two coats to keep himself warm."

⁂

LUCILE made joke of us, and it was not three weeks till the snow fell, and it froze. "Your onion," said Lucile, "was a *menteur*." But Léonie said: "It is necessary to attend. The winter is not already finished." She had reason, that old one. The snow it was only two or three weeks and not at all like last year, when all the spring was winter. Now every day is beautiful, and though the wise ones say: "Attend, perhaps the winter delays to arrive," I have faith in the onion of Léonie.

⁂

ALREADY it is Carême, and how this year everyone keeps it. It is hundreds of years since the world so denied itself, and for Paris it is true that the rats are not yet bought for two shillings as in '71, but one does not grow fat on what one can buy. It is for *Messieurs les civils* that most I am sorry, because they must keep this year the vow they so much made before, and broke always, that they will not smoke. No longer do the merchants of the tobacco trouble to take away their placard: "*Il n'y a plus de tabac.*"

⁂

THIS time it will be difficult for the shops to cheat the new laws which the President has signed. You know how it happened when one suppressed the milk in the tea shops and the sugar cakes. They sold *thé Russe* and sandwiches so delicious of *paté* and *confiture*. And, too, one could cheat so easily and buy the cakes at the *confiserie* and take them to one's party.

⁂

NOW it is all finished—kaput. In the restaurants one may not longer eat, except when the law permits, and it is so difficult to remember what one may not command. The nice sandwiches have been interned like the Boche spies; and the sugar cakes and cream, and ices and butter, they are all made now as if they were enemies and not permitted in the restaurants.

⁂

ONE thing makes me sad. It is forbidden to give crumbs to the sparrows and to feed the fat pigeons who live in the Arc de Triomphe, and come every day to our balcony. It would break the heart of M. Pol, who used to feed the sparrows in the Tuilleries, that this year they must keep *Carême*.

"The hats are so little"

⁂

IT is when I remember Carnival and *mi-Carême* that most I hate the Boche. They were the fêtes of spring, but now——. On Mardi Gras Lucile and I went to the Garden of the Luxembourg. It is three years that *confetti* have been forbidden, but this year all the garden was covered with them. Only it was not but the children who amused themselves dressed up as Harlequin and Pierrot. *M. le Préfet de Police*, I think, had shut his eyes at the old woman who sold the little paper *rondelles* of so gay colours, so that the little ones of Paris might begin their education

(Continued on page 504)

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (*concluded*)

to carry on the fêtes of what time is now so long ago.

⁂

IT is so dark now, too, in our city of the lights. During all the time the Boche did not come to drop his bombs one did not trouble to make small our illuminations, but now it is as in the Paris of the Middle Ages. After nine hours of the evening there is no more any people in the streets.

⁂

AND one more thing they do to make our poor Paris look sad and ugly. They build with the bags of sand, as at the front, protections for our monuments against the bombs. Even they build walls to make shelter for the sculptures, and the fountains and statues which we have so beautiful are like haystacks, while the poor Notre-Dame becomes like an elephant.

⁂

IN this war there is always a too much or a too little. Nothing goes even. One day it is too much emotion because a someone comes on *permission* or the Boche tumbles his bombs, and after for the weeks and weeks there is nothing at all to make excitement. And then there are so much cards and so little sugar and coal when one arrives in the last days of the month; so much talk and so little that makes victory, so much restrictions and so little jokes.

"It is forbidden to give crumbs to the sparrows"

⁂

NOW it is too much Carême and too little Carnival. Even the *mode* restricts itself and keeps the Lent. The hats are so little, not big like last year, and it is of not much more than nothing that the tailor makes me a costume. When the first time I go to walk in so little I shall have the consciousness; like a boy who has the too long legs for his trousers. And I am very sorry for Miss Winifred, our American friend, who, too, must wear the dresses of four mètres and a half which the *syndicat de la couture* allows, and is so tall as a soldier of your guard.

"The children who amuse themselves"

⁂

BUT in our hearts we have one hope this Carême. It was on the day when so sadly we ate the very last cakes that we will have that Lucile spoke it. "*Chérie*," she said, "when we eat the sugar cakes and the ice cream again, it will be peace."

⁂

THEN, messieurs, we will make again a carnival in Paris: and you will be invited.

Your friend, AGNÈS.

The Thin End—Much Too Thin

THE KAISER: "Well, Hindenburg, your sword doesn't seem to be much use on the West; but if we can get our friend here to drive his wedge into the heart of the British oak, all may yet be well"

The Busines

BRINGING UP THE AMMUNIT

Man's Week

ON ON THE LONDON FRONT

THE BING BOYS ON BROADWAY

AT THE ALHAMBRA

BY "JINGLE"
Illustrated by LEWIS BAUMER

ASIDE from its gorgeous scenic effects, which are well up to Alhambra tradition, this is for the most part a friendly little entertainment by Miss Violet Loraine and Mr. George Robey, who are, of course, both indispensable in any story concerning the exploits of the now famous Bing Boys. The scene of those exploits is now New York, and we first see Miss Loraine, as Emma, arriving at the White Star Dock. After she has been in America for about three minutes she naturally feels qualified to deliver mature opinions on the country and its people; and several American newspaper men, with apparently a wide experience of newly arrived celebrities, urge her to state her impressions without the least reserve. It is generally understood that when you are interviewed in America, whether you say it or whether you don't, it goes into the paper just the same; and Emma therefore lets herself go without hesitation.

MR. ROBEY is Lucifer Bing. He has arrived per steerage, while Emma came over in the best style, so that there is ill-will between them right from the start. If Emma wants Lucifer to understand anything at all, it is that she doesn't wish to have anything to do with him; and Lucifer is equally emphatic in his declaration that he does not wish to see Emma again. So that's settled; and a few minutes later Emma is rescuing Lucifer's valise from a confidence man, and is returning it to Lucifer with the explanation that he must be able to see that he can't do without her; and Lucifer retorts that if it comes to that she can't do without him. And so say all of us! It would be difficult to imagine two artists playing up to each other more convincingly.

HAVING, as it were, buried the hatchet, Emma and Lucifer break out into a love duet, which has what, I believe, is known as a haunting melody. Lest it should fail to do its haunting in a properly business-like manner, the orchestra

played it to us again in the entr'acte, and by that time the audience were joining in. It is certainly the sort of thing that will be very popular. The idea of the song is that, after all, the first love is the only true love; but I am not quite so sure about it myself. My first love was a bony girl with plaits down her back, and it was peardrops that parted us. She accused me of having given some of the sticky delights in question to another girl, and then so far forgot what was due from a lady as to hit me on the head with her umbrella. After that we had a fearful fight, and then parted for ever. I heard lately that she had just buried her second husband, so that it is clear to me that I didn't miss much.

❋

THE plot of the play is all about Emma's diamond garter. When people ask her playfully to show them the garter, and smile in pleasurable anticipation, Emma sends her maid to fetch it from the hotel safe. As it happens, it isn't where they thought it was. The garter, being a valuable little asset, is naturally much sought after by the local crooks. Sometimes they get it, and then Lucifer takes it from them, and the police take it from Lucifer, and Emma takes it from the police—just like a polite game of hunt the slipper. After many failures to secure the goods, the crooks evolve a most elaborate plot. They tempt Emma into an opium den in Chinatown; and when Emma's best friends counsel her not to do any smoking, she naturally makes up her mind that that is just the one thing she is going to do. I have heard it said that women are like that.

❋

EMMA smokes accordingly, and then dreams the usual kind of opium dream with a coloured supplement. She dreams that she is a lovely Eastern girl in divided skirts, dancing on clouds, and we see her doing it. The hazy effects are very well produced, and we observe from this turn that Miss Loraine not only has a very sweet voice, but that she is also a very graceful dancer. And as she is, in addition, a very highly qualified humorist indeed, the gods would seem to have been in a generous mood at her nativity. The result of the opium smoking venture is a rather melodramatic free fight, at the end of which Lucifer secures the garter from the crooks and is promptly arrested by the police for having it in his possession. One of the most elaborate scenes is that of a roof-garden on Broadway, and this offers an opportunity for a first-class variety interlude of which the fullest advantage is taken. Mr. George Robey is, of course, a host in himself, and whether he is

VIOLET LORAINE AS EMMA

(Continued on page 510)

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS (*concluded*)

trying to tell funny stories to a Chinaman, or, dressed as an impossible Indian Chief, is negotiating for a bottle of firewater, he is quite irresistibly funny.

❀

BRIGHT as the whole show was on the first night, it would, doubtless, have been more sparkling still but for the fact that the ridiculous Germans had selected that evening for an air-raid on London. Having no sense of humour of their own, the Germans apparently wanted to prevent us from developing ours. I could not see that the raid made any difference to the performance; but still there is a sort of tension on the stage at such times which prevents the best work being handed out for consumption. As a matter of fact Miss Loraine performed the liveliest dance of the evening while the raid was at its height, and was very properly cheered at the close for her ability to keep her mind on her job in spite of the rival performance overhead.

❀

MR. ROBEY was as calm and unruffled as ever, his chief concern being about the man who laughed in the wrong place; and he made a neat little speech at the close of the performance which was enthusiastically received. But I really think he could do with some better-written songs. The story of the baby that might have grown up to be a great man but for the deterring fact that it happened to be a baby girl is surely not new enough even to be embodied in a comic song; though it is a nice tribute to Mr. Robey's genius that we all laughed heartily at the resurrection of our old friend. I always thought writers of comic songs made a point of keeping right up to date with their humour, and could turn out verses as required while the rest of us had got no further than chewing off the top end of a penholder. Still the Bing Boys will doubtless continue on Broadway the success they have so deservedly earned elsewhere.

JINGLE

A LITTLE BIT OF SENTIMENT FROM GEORGE AND VIOLET

Photograph] UP TO ALL SORTS OF GAMES *[Stage Portrait Co.*

The Sports Girls scene in "Here and There" at the Empire

Classic in Name and Beauty

Camera Study. *Bertram Park*

MISS DIANA WILSON

Who has been scoring so great a success in Sir J. M. Barrie's "A Kiss for Cinderella" at the Queen's Theatre

Shrapnel Pars

THE advance of the Germans into Russia is less a matter of phlebotomy than of chiropody. They don't want to shed Russia's blood, they want to cut her corn.

A GOOD deal of "election" humour has been wasted over Lord Rhondda's order that eggs are only to be used for food. There is no politician living worth a fivepenny egg.

THE suggestion that the Water Board should be run on business lines is alarming. It suggests Control, and "water, water everywhere, and not a drop to drink."

PROFESSOR KEITH maintains that we owe our long faces to our generous scale of living. We doubt it. Anyway, they have been appreciably longer since the food cards were introduced.

IS tea a food? It depends. It used to be feed; but it has declined from muffin to "nuffin."

Those who are cardless
Will shortly be lardless—
For being so careless
They'll have to be fare-less.

"OUR bombing machines," said a recent report, "have dropped about a thousand missiles upon aerodromes, billets, and railway lines." Whatever they may say, the Huns by this time *must* be beginning to know something about our war-aims.

"A PEOPLE'S TERRORISM," we were told, was the weapon with which the German invasion of Russia was to be met. But since the defenders have been ignominiously running away at the Hun's approach, the "ism" appears to have been a superfluous syllable.

QUITE a wise move of Mr. Asquith's to devote his recent caucus address to "The Future of Liberalism." He couldn't have found a better way of forestalling any attempt to raise questions about its past.

SOME officious amateur war-financier has been suggesting a further tax on cheques. Many people think, however, that what is more wanted just now is a further check on taxes.

ACCORDING to a French scientist, the exhaustion of solar heat will occur in about a million years. So the Huns will have to hurry up and win the war by that time if they are still after that coveted "place in the sun."

GLAD to hear that the members of the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps are to have rations twice as large as those allotted to civilians. It's only fair that these energetic lady patriots should have their "W.A.A.C."

MR. ERNEST NEWMAN says he would like to hear, on a gramophone, the actual noise made by the Roman Empire when it fell. We can assure him it made a noise like a gibbon.

IN reference to the shortage of meat, it has been suggested by some unpatriotic person that we shall not now be so well able to give the Germans "beans"—we shall want 'em ourselves.

"AMMUNITION dumps" aptly describes the Germans' feelings towards our superiority in shell

RESOURCES FOR THE RATIONED

By using the smallest possible table the effect of a groaning board is attained with a very moderate provision of food

In the Days to Come

PASSED BY CENSOR

John Smith (late temporary Captain John Smith) revisits the scene of his most daring exploit

The Story of Patrick

BY ARTHUR ECKERSLEY

It was the accident of a dropped note-book that brought about our first meeting. Hardly had the thing slipped from under my arm than the boy, who must have been walking unseen immediately behind me, had picked it up, and returned it. Moreover, with a glance towards my name legible upon the cover, he said, smiling, "I was sure it must be you!"

Perhaps because Patrick's smile is emphatically (so to speak) his strong suit; also in part because such public recognition is still to me an agreeable novelty, the greeting did not then strike me as anything unusual from a lad of fifteen, or thereabouts, to a middle-aged novelist. Since I am both short-sighted and had, as usual, forgotten my glasses, I enjoyed but a hazy impression of his appearance. Ursula (my wife) has since called Patrick not so much good-looking as striking; and we have been content to let it go at that. "I've read almost all your stories," he added, smiling again

Manifestly such courtesy demanded some response, though it hardly furnished—as, in retrospective, I admit—any sufficient reason for my at once asking him to tea, the fact being that already what Ursula and I came afterwards to call "Patrickitis" must have been working itself into my system. He accepted the offer immediately, with thanks, in which for the first time I caught the suspicion of a brogue. It seemed odd that this should not have struck me before. However, the discovery only made me the more anxious to share Patrick with the most appreciative mind I know. "Ursula," I said to myself firmly, "has got to meet this at once." Fortunately it was close upon tea-time.

Seen through pincenez, and in the kindlier setting of the studio-study, Patrick happily confirmed my first impression. "He'd be an ornament anywhere," said Ursula that evening, "even if he wasn't so attractive in himself. I never saw a more paintable head."

From which it may be gathered that the introduction had proved an immediate success. Patrick (we had learnt the name by this time) was delightfully at his ease; munching cake, and holding us both with the gayest, most entertaining, talk. Already the faint brogue had broadened a little, as a flower might expand in a warm room. It was an altogether memorable tea.

Though he was oddly reticent about the exact position of his home ("Over there," was all he could be brought to say, with a vague nod in the direction of Battersea), we gathered, even on that first visit, enough of his story to quicken sympathy. It appeared that he had no surviving relations, except his father, with whom he lived, and to whom he clearly owed the Bohemian independence that made him such admirable company. One caught singularly vivid glimpses of this parent in his son's chatter, revealing him as a poet, a brilliant talker, and generally an improvident genius. From time to time Patrick quoted him, and the quotations, "as Dad says," were always worth while.

It was after one of these that I met Ursula's eyes, and knew that they conveyed the same idea that was already developing its wonderful possibilities in my own mind.

"But, of course!" she said, when Patrick had at last taken a flatteringly reluctant departure, with a promise to return on the morrow—"It's the first chapter simply made to your hand! Nothing less than the voice of Heaven!"

"With a Connemara accent?"

She laughed. "Wasn't it too adorable! I could have listened to him for ever!"

"Well, three hours and a half is a fair start."

"Don't be jealous! But"—her tone became suddenly grave—"did it strike you that he was hiding something about that father? Of course, a charming vagabond, one could see that. But I fancied now and then. . . ."

"One would never be surprised!" I opined, "with that type of man."

"Perhaps poor Patrick has to keep it from him. Or worse, to fetch it from the public-house," said Ursula, her eyes shining.

"Anyhow," I observed to cheer her, "it hasn't done the lad any harm so far. And, after all, it's tremendously in the picture."

This, of course, was what superior people call the brutality of Art. I could see that Ursula was impressed.

"Isn't it?" she cried. "That's exactly what I mean. All you've got to do is simply to put the child on paper, as he lives. There never was such a chance! It'll be the success of your career."

Certainly, the thing did seem providential. Patrick, who appeared to have abundant leisure, easily consented to a proposal that he should drop in upon us every afternoon, and be drawn. Only in one sense; in the other he required absolutely no drawing at all. So while Ursula spoilt sheet after sheet of paper in the attempt to "get his head," I would hang about in the background—and listen. At first there had been a suggestion that the services of the model should be remunerated; but he himself waved this aside. "It's quite enough fun for me hearkening to the clever talk of ye," he declared; and, though this was scarcely how I should have defined his share in the proceedings, no further reference was made to the proposal.

Nearly a month passed like this, and the story had begun to grow. So abundant was the material provided that the early chapters simply presented no difficulty whatever. From Patrick's unconscious revelations I had the setting complete. It formed a romantic opening, this of the father and son, in their attic somewhere on the other side of the river (I could still get no nearer to it than that), existing on odd jobs of translation, given to the man, but as often as not, I gathered, executed by the boy. They were, of course, poor. Not that he ever complained. The comradeship of these two was obviously ideal. At times, too, there would be intervals of comparative affluence, celebrated by thrilling Bohemian feasts, the pit of a theatre, or the gloriously reckless purchase of some French or English classic. . . .

What pen-driver would not have rejoiced in such a theme? From the first I had felt, with Ursula, that Patrick's story would be my masterpiece. Those were extraordinarily happy days. Even apart from his value as copy, the joy we both took in our visitor was amazing. Content radiated from his mere presence. For the first time in its history, the big, rather bare

(All rights strictly reserved)
(Continued on page 516)

Jericho Follows Jerusalem

No longer the walled city of Joshua's time, there is still a certain picturesqueness in this photograph of the village of Jericho, seen through one of the arches of the modern aqueduct. The "flocks and herds" of Biblical days rightly occupy a prominent position in the foreground

working room looked comfortably furnished. Decidedly he conveyed atmosphere. . . .

As for what was to happen in the later chapters, I was still vague; but I had already determined that, for fictional use, the father had better drink, at least slightly, whether in fact he did so or not. Patrick had let fall nothing further that could enlighten us. Needless to add that we were both consumed with curiosity to behold this unique parent in the flesh; though all hints to that effect were met by Patrick with a gentle, but unqualified, refusal. More and more the idea grew upon me of some secret to be guarded jealously.

About this time, however, Ursula began to be troubled with qualms of conscience. "You know, dearest," she said one day, after Patrick had left us, "I'm not sure that I quite like it, after all."

"What?"

"Using him in this way. Doesn't it seem like a kind of treachery? We invite the poor boy here as our guest, encourage him to eat . . ."

"I hadn't noticed that much encouragement was required."

"Don't be cheap! You know exactly what I mean. He's so confiding too . . . and then, afterwards, if he were to find out . . . oh, it would be hateful!"

"You seem to forget," I observed coldly, "that it was you who started the idea in the first instance. And, anyhow, Art is like that. She demands such sacrifice."

Somehow Art, even with a large A, was less successful than usual. "I still think it's rather horrid of you," said Ursula; and, unfair as the charge was, it found, I suppose, sufficient echo in my own conscience to hold me silent.

And then, swiftly and without warning, the blow fell. It was, I think, actually on the next day that Patrick announced, towards the close of tea, that his visits must for a time be suspended.

"Me dears," said he (it had already come to that between us), "to-morrow I shall leave ye disconsolate, 'cos I'm goin' away for a while."

"Where?" asked Ursula, intensely curious.

Patrick took a careful bite of cake. "Sorry, Ursula darling" (it had come to that also), "but I can't exactly say. Ye see, in a way it isn't my own secret."

Photograph *Reutlinger*

MADAME HUGUETTE DEFLOS

Of the Comédie Française, as she appears in "L'Abbé Constantin"

Ursula flushed pink. "Apologies, Pat," she said hastily; "of course we quite understand!" Which, speaking for myself, was an untruth.

"But cheer up," continued Patrick, "I'll let ye know directly-minute I come back." He paused, then added unexpectedly, "If they ever let me come back!"

Because he had dropped his voice to a note of wistful pathos on the last words, I hardly think that Ursula caught them. But I did, and quite suddenly—why, I cannot say, unless perhaps for once the tragedy had been a shade overdone—they produced upon me an effect of almost blinding illumination.

When, a little later, Patrick got up to go, and had exchanged a good-bye with Ursula that would have fitted a voyage to the North Pole, I followed him into the hall, took my own hat, and closed the front door behind us both.

"To-day," I observed cheerfully, "I'm coming home with you."

For an instant he glanced at me slantwise. "Are ye that?" he said.

"I am," I repeated, with increased firmness, "whether you like it or not. Also you can now drop that brogue, because I may as well tell you at once that I don't believe in it; any more than I believe a solitary word you've uttered for the past month."

The effect of this was sensational. Even to my short-sighted gaze it was evident that my companion was moved to some uncontrollable emotion. His shoulders quivered. At last, "It—it has been a month, hasn't it?" he faltered, in an uncertain voice. "But, you know, I really have got a father!"

The situation seemed almost beyond words. "How dare you!" I exclaimed. "Your behaviour throughout has been simply outrageous; for my part it beats me to imagine——"

"No, it doesn't!" retorted Patrick, wholly unabashed, and (in the most disconcerting way) as friendly as ever. "I was just tired of myself, that's all. You know; other people wouldn't understand, but you and Ursula will, because you're different."

Does the mortal breathe who can resist this subtlest, most insidious, form of flattery? Of course I surrendered at once; masking my weakness, however, with a

(*Continued on page 518*)

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"THE STORY OF PATRICK" (*concluded*)

show of severity. "Anyhow, I'm coming with you now to see what relations you do actually possess—if any," I said bitingly.

"But that'll be charming," said Patrick. "And there are lots of 'em for you to choose from."

I prefer to hurry lightly over the hour that followed, and my introduction to the friendly, but wholly unromantic, family that overcrowded a small ground-floor flat in River Mansions. (Somehow its position was the unkindest blow of all! I had so counted upon at least three flights of stone stairs, and a view of the stars!) Patrick's mother received me with every symptom of rather preoccupied hospitality. "You'll have to excuse the muddle we're in, with all this packing," she said.

It was obvious that none of them had ever so much as heard of me, or entertained the least idea of where the boy had been spending every afternoon for nearly a month. Not that this in any way disconcerted my hostess. "Albert's such a lad for making friends!" she explained. "It's a marvel to me where he picks them up."

"Albert?" For a moment I was genuinely bewildered. Then, across the tumult of that odious little room, I caught an amused flash of grey eyes.

"Oh, of course, yes," I agreed hastily.

Never had I been more conscious of the compelling personality of him whom we had known as Patrick than now, as I watched him carrying off with unruffled aplomb a situation to me well nigh intolerable. As soon as possible, however, I contrived some feeble excuse, and got away, declining abruptly a maternal suggestion that "Albert should put me as far as the bridge." I even avoided any private farewell to the impostor. More than anything in the world, at that moment, I wanted to get back to Ursula, and claim her sympathy.

Here, however, it seemed at first that I had miscalculated. Ursula heard the story in a non-committal silence. "I didn't see the father after all," I finished, "because he'd gone on ahead to take rooms at the seaside. They're all going to Southend for a fortnight, which explains the mysterious departure. And they're quite comfortably off; and he goes to evening classes for French; and his name isn't Patrick at all——."

"It is to me," interposed Ursula, almost fiercely.

Unexpectedly and absurdly, her voice sounded as though she were within no great distance of tears. "And I think we've been horrider than ever," she added, "leading the poor child on like that, and then spying——. Now, I suppose we shall never see him again, and—he filled the place so. It isn't as though there were—others——," she broke off abruptly.

Here was a distressing sequel to my ingenuity! There was, however, but one course to take, and I took it.

"Nonsense!" I said, putting my arm firmly about her. "If I know anything of Patrick, and I should by this time, he considers us far too entertaining not to forgive us for finding him out. We'll have him round here, quite unrepentant, directly the fortnight is over. And if he doesn't come himself, I shall fetch him. Even for my novel's sake, I can't afford to break off relations just now."

Ursula blew her nose, and contrived a smile. "Don't forget, darling," she observed gently, "that, as things are at present, it isn't your novel at all. It's Patrick's!"

"True," I assented, struck by the force of this. Then I too cheered up. "But it doesn't matter. We will continue to collaborate." ARTHUR ECKERSLEY.

Business Men's Week

Two of the striking posters by which each city and town in the kingdom is being exhorted this week to provide for the needs of the nation in proportion to the number of its inhabitants

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The Navy gets a little relaxation when on shore in the Arctic by (tell it not in Melton Mowbray!) trying to smoke out a fox to give them a chance of a shot at something, since the other fox will not come out from Kiel

Near the Yser these Belgian soldiers, in occupation of a small detached post, are tranquilly fishing to add a little variety to their ration menu

Books of the Week

"Germany at Bay"

READERS of those excellent novels *The Wooings of Jezebel Pettifer* and *The Masterfolk* will know what a good writer Haldane Macfall is; but few, before the war, knew that he started his career in the army. Painting and literature, you would have said, were his chief interests, but it only needed the war to show him once again not only as a soldier, but as a keen student of all matters military. In *Germany at Bay* (Cassell: 6*s.* net.) Major Macfall gives the man in the street a chance to understand the measure of Germany's failure. You may hear people saying glibly enough that if the war were to stop to-morrow Germany would have won, but read Macfall's book and see the immeasurable difference between Germany's aims and Germany's achievements! There's no getting away from it, the Hun is a nasty object, clever and cunning, but fortunately not cunning enough. It is easy to be an armchair strategian, but Macfall is a soldier as well as an artist, and these pages of his clear up a number of points which to the man in the street, so often too prone to believe what he hears, badly want clearing up. There is a lot about strategy, it is true, but in the author's hands this strategy becomes clear even to the dullest of laymen. Lord French contributed a preface, by the way, and the portrait of him is the author's own work.

On the Russian Front

As an Englishman with a commission in the Russian Army, Mr. R. Scotland Liddell has had almost unique advantages in the matter of giving his impressions of war to the public. And his latest book, *Actions and Reactions in Russia*, (Chapman and Hall: 10*s.* 6*d.* net) has an additional interest inasmuch as it deals with Russia both before and after the Revolution. The position of the Russian officer must have been one of extreme difficulty, even before the Extremists obtained power. How absurd was the chaos which arose is shown by Mr. Liddell when he is recounting his experiences with his own men. He was not, fortunately, stationed only on a single part of the front, but journeyed both north and south, and so is enabled to give vignettes from various quarters. You hear something of the British Armoured Car Force in action down in the South, of Tommy's methods of talking to Ivan, of Ivan's own melancholy songs, of Grigorie, ugliest and most faithful of batmen, and of that curious warfare by the Danube of which we have heard next to nothing. Mr. Liddell has a deep love for the Russian soldier, but recognises the futility of expecting him to understand in a few months the art of governing. "Poor dear Ivan Ivanitch," he concludes this most interesting book; "you were not far enough removed from serfdom to know what patriotism meant." R.S.

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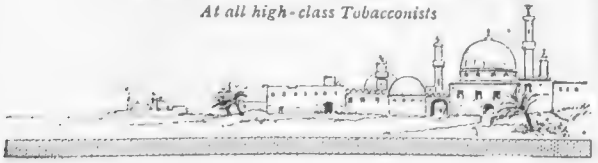

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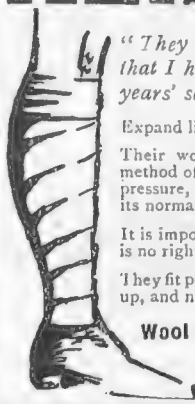

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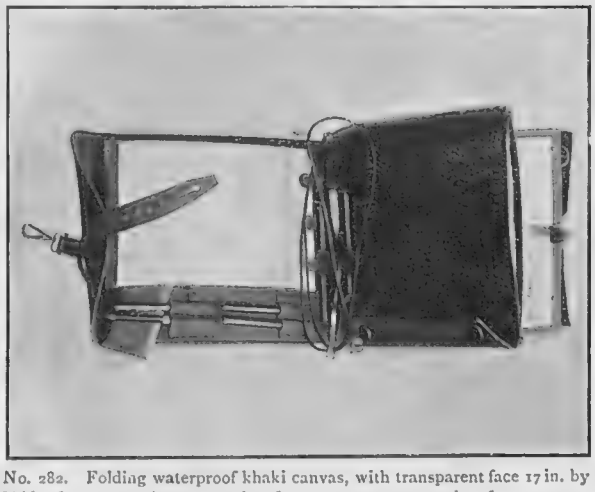

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In the Eton steeplechase the water-jump is naturally the last and greatest trial to the competitors; but last week an additional obstacle presented itself to the already dog-tired 'chasers in the shape of a dog which confronted them on emerging from the muddy pool, and required a good deal of circumvention

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The Odours of Witchery

AND A WORD ON CHOOSING THEM.

I have just done my once-a-week turn through Harrods, or through a part of it. What taste and daintiness and loveliness beckon with silent eloquence from salon and counter and show-case everywhere you go. To-day in the beauteous salon devoted to Perfumery, I picked up quite a toilet education.

Most of us, I think, realise the wisdom of adhering to one harmonious "scheme" in choosing perfumes—not necessarily keeping to the *identical* odours for soap, cream, powder, and the rest of it, but taking care that, say, heavy and light perfumes do not come into collision about our clothes or person. It is evident that Harrods keep this steadily in view, or they would never have prepared their perfumes in so many delightful "series."

Take the most recent favourite, Harrods "Silhouette." Here is "Parfum Silhouette" in graceful bottles, daintily encased, at 14*s.* 6*d.*; here is "Silhouette" Face-Powder, a marvel of elegance and "imperceptibility," at 6*s.* 6*d.*; here is "Silhouette" Toilet Soap, three exquisite tablets, artistically boxed, at 6*s.* 6*d.*; and so on, through the delightful gamut of Bath-Salts, Sachets, Eau de Toilette, Bath Dusting Powder, Vanishing Cream, Skin Food, and the rest.

Coming from the comparative *heaviness* of Parfum Silhouette, we have "Tudor Rose" perfume, a triumph of airy daintiness, like a zephyr-borne memory of some old-world garden. "Tudor Rose" sprang into immediate favour, and, fortunately, all the delightful "Tudor Rose" retinue of toilet prepa ations are now obtainable—powder, soaps, and so forth. Tudor Rose Perfume is offered in a wide range of sizes—3*s.* 6*d.*, 6*s.* 6*d.*, 9*s.* 6*d.*, to 18*s.* 6*d.*; Tudor Rose Face-Powder is 4*s.* 6*d.*; Tudor Rose Bath-Salts, 2*s.* 6*d.*, 5*s.* 6*d.* and 12*s.* 6*d.*

Then comes Harrods "Dorrah" Perfume, an Oriental type, full and wondrously rich; and Harrods "Parfum Météor," expressive of Persian gorgeousness. Among what we may call the medium type are "Parfum Russe" and "Parfum Sonia"—each in its separate sphere a triumph.

The "lightest," or "highest-keyed," favourites include "Muguet Exquis" (lily of the valley), "Cyclamen d'Or," and "Rubens Liliac"—the latter a marvellously faithful rendering of the very subtle fragrance of the living flower.

Of the making of Face-Powders, indeed, at Harrods there seems to be no end; each of the foregoing perfumes has its characteristic "powder" in six shades — Blanche, Rachel, Rachel Fonce, Rosée, Naturelle, and Soir.

A most courteous assistant proffered a sample, and assured me that Harrods would gladly send samples of any of these shades to such of my friends as cared to send a line for them—yes, even though such friends might include every reader of these lines.

Rest Gowns and other Delights Sketched at Harrods

The "Enid" on the left is in wool-back Satin with a single fastening and novel Sash to finish, the sash having an ornamental fringe of self material which may be Pink, Helio, Sky, Fraise, Saxe, Cherry, White or Black. The collar and cuffs are White Satin and the very moderate price **72/6.**

To the right the "Mikado," a gorgeous Silk Broché, with large hemstitch Georgette collar and cuffs, waist swathea with broad sash. Harrods offer this in Pink, Fraise, Sky or Maize, at **6½ gns.**

Above, the "Harrodine," in Black Lace, cut to give a novel cape effect. Tassels of jet preserve the draping, and only one waist fastening is needed. The jet tasselled Tulle Stole is in delightfully contrasting shades. Harrods offer this at **79/6,** *or in Gold or Silver Tissue Lace,* **4 gns.**

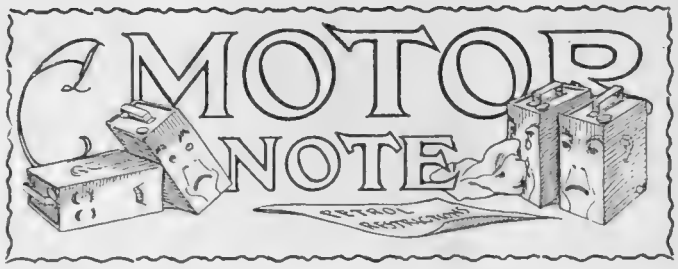
To the left the "Betty" in Schappe Crêpe, with handsome spot net collar, finished with dainty motifs. In Pink, Sky, White, Saxe, Vieux Rose, Cherry, Nattier, and Black. **79/6**

The "Esmé," on right, is a Harrods novelty in heavy wool-back Satin, with the revers and cuffs in effectively contrasting shade. This charming wrap is obtainable in Pink, Sky, Cream, Helio, Grey, Nattier, Fraise, Purple, or Black, at **47/6.**

Harrods Porcelain Powder Bowls in original designs, filled with delicately scented Dusting Powder

Dull black with white border ... from **11/6**
Apple Blossom design, white on black „ **9/6**
Dull black, with Rose design ... „ **11/6**
Japanese Bowl, blue or orange ... „ **19/6**

Harrods Ltd London SW1



Gas—olene

THE Petrol Control Department have decided to grant gas permits *ipso facto* to everybody whose cars were fitted with gas bags on or before January 3, 1918. These permits will entitle the holder to use his car so long, of course, as he keeps strictly within the terms of the Order. The permit does not impose any limit as to the quantity of gas that may be used. It is further understood, the Motor Gas Equipment Association informs me, that the committee will offer no obstacle to the granting of permits for the use of the bags to all applicants who can put forward a good case for the use of their cars in this connection.

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Volunteer Motorists, "D" Class

VOLUNTEERS in "D" Class possessing motor-cars who are retiring from their corps under the new restrictions are invited to communicate with Mr. J. A. Wilson, the representative for hospital arrangements, Royal Automobile Club, Pall Mall, S.W. 1.

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United!

THE United Council of Motor Users, Producers, and Distributors has held its first meeting and decided that the voting power of the three groups shall be as to the first 24, the second 12, and the last, 8. It has also decided "that the council as such shall not take public action on any matter except as the result of a unanimous resolution." So *that's* all right; and we can now sit down and wait for the first series of unanimous resolutions, since, unless the council (as such) does take public action (as such), it is not likely to make much of a stir as such. Evidence to the contrary notwithstanding, I feel fairly confident that the council will be able to arrive at unanimous resolutions upon certain matters involving public action.

***

The Ultra-Democrat

I HAVE considerable admiration for the ultra-democratic attitude of the council, which is not content with mere majorities for its conclusions; but I hope each organisation represented in each section of the council will not be equally insistent upon the absolute unanimity of its own members; although, come to think of it, there is not much sense in unanimity between the members of the council as such—a unanimity doubtless designed to demonstrate the absolutely representative nature of the demand that may publicly be made—if no steps are taken to be equally confident about the oneness of the people the council is supposed to represent. Yet the sad fact of the matter is that there is only the most primitive machinery existing to collect the rank and file view, and that machinery is very rusty from lack of usage. I would like to see it improved and well lubricated and well used; but I should not be so entirely fatuous as to suppose that I could get a unanimous vote upon anything. I should be quite content with a two-thirds majority vote. However, the council being formed, doubtless it will commence to live down such grotesque preventives of all public action (as such); and I am hopeful it will become of real service to motoring. Here's wishing it much power and many achievements—as such!

THE LIGHTING AND STARTING of your "After the War" Car is its most important feature; therefore, let "C.A.V." advise you.—Write, call, or phone C. A. VANDERVELL and Co., Ltd., Acton, London, W. 3.

THE SUPREME
SUNBEAM

ALTHOUGH many makes of cars are in use on the various battle fronts it has been left to the Sunbeam to demonstrate the utmost value of quality. This is not surprising when one remembers the extent of our experience in building cars and

SUNBEAM-COATALEN AIRCRAFT ENGINES

Such experience will be further utilised in our peace-time productions, and, for that reason, Sunbeam supremacy will be of greater consequence than ever.

Priority of delivery of the post-war Sunbeam will be secured by the receipt of your enquiry now.

THE SUNBEAM MOTOR CAR Co., Ltd., WOLVERHAMPTON

Manchester Showrooms: 106, DEANSGATE.

London & District Agent for Cars: J. KEELE, Ltd., 72, New Bond St., W.1

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FEMINA

Woman's Little Or Worries

By BEATRICE HERON-MAXWELL

CHARITIES

THERE are people who write large cheques and send them to deserving causes because they believe that in so doing they are buying Heaven on the hire-instalment plan. The price of entrance there and of relative place and honour is uncertain, but the much-and-often system is, to their minds, sure to count.

The real spirit of charity is, however, gaining ground these days, and many are beginning to give more than they can spare, and to feel no pride or pleasure in a donation that does not mean self-sacrifice of some kind.

The owner of a well-matched rope of pearls was found by a friend the other day toying with it, lost in a reverie.

"Making up your mind to part with one?" asked the friend sympathetically.

"No," answered the lady of the necklace, "trying to decide whether to give the whole or only enough to spoil it for my own use."

And seeing her friend's mute perplexity, she added: "If I give it as it is to be sold for charity I shall scarcely miss it. It won't be in my jewel case, that's all; and when I want to wear a long chain—which isn't often—I can put on these white sapphires. They really suit me better. But if I break the rope and leave it too short for me to wear at all, I shall feel—well, you know how one feels about a thing of beauty spoiled! The odd pearls will be a small pang to me every time I see them or think of them. You see, I want to give away something that I want to keep!"

She fetched a silk bag and a pair of scissors and cut the Gordian knot she had just manufactured for herself. As the lovely "oyster's tears" dropped one by one into the brocade sack, until there remained only nineteen orphans on the string, her colour rose and her eyes shimmered. "There!" she said with happy regret, "I *do* mind. Oh! my beautiful pearls!"

But like the disconsolate Peri at the gate of Paradise, when she brought her final offering of a pearly tear, she could say: "The gate is passed and Heaven is won!"

It is an era of much money and of great gifts, dictated by loving-kindness, pure and simple.

At a recent meeting the amount of £3,500 was realised in cash for a fund to which the contributors—artists, audience, donors, and servers—gave a bit of their hearts.

What many women feel is that they can scarcely give enough, especially if the war has still spared them those who are worth more than worldly possessions.

So they are giving their strength and courage, and hearts, and brains, and looks—and these are "charities" indeed.

It is a singular thing that a large number of people think friendship a perquisite of life—something that comes as their just due, and needs no "charity" either in coin or kind.

They will tell you how devotedly attached someone is to them and how fervently they return the sentiment, but if you ask them how much they would do for such a friend as this they are surprised at the question. Why should they do anything? Presents are superfluous, help in money or influence, or taking trouble of some kind, is not a necessary part of the transaction.

What an ostentatious business wedding-presents had become before the war!

Let us cling to the "happy-thought" gift, whether it is the sum of money that carries with it, even to those unknown to us, the old spirit instead of the new letters of charity, or the keepsakes that mean we have lent our minds to the choice of something specially appropriate.

Photograph *Bassano*

IN COMMAND OF A MOTOR COLUMN

Miss Hedges, who is the Transport Officer of the Elsie Inglis unit of the Scottish Women's Hospital in the Balkans. She has previously seen service on the Russo-Rumanian front

Fashion's Fancies

BY MRS. JACK MAY

THE influence of the times in which we are living is having an effect upon dress that must be apparent to the dullest intelligence. To the keen student of dress it has for long been apparent that the covering of the head necessitated by hospital nursing, munition work, etc., would inevitably set up a vogue, to be exploited by milliners and those interested in the career of boudoir caps to the last word of frivolous expression.

Now that demi-toilettes and even less exigent attire than that are *de rigueur* for theatres, the expected has happened in the smart Rajah toque of brocade and metal tissue being worn for evening performances as well as matinées; and the excuse for such an adoption is close at hand in that such pieces of headgear save the time and trouble necessitated by the re-doing of the hair. With the large majority nowadays, amusements are sandwiched in between work, rushed meals, and an early bed—raids permitting. Therefore, any and everything that tends to save time and superfluous labour, and, incidentally, to effect a charming appearance, is not likely to be lightly passed over.

Of late it has ceased to be remarkable that the *negligée* cap is worn in the drawing-room at afternoon tea, and also that these are carefully chosen to accentuate the character of the tea, rest gown, or lounge suit, which is usually donned at the same hour. To the picturesque high waist rest gown there is usually allotted some soft, artistic cap of lace, ribbon, and flowers, whereas an Eastern type of teagown, held to the figure by a deep enwrapping sash, boasts as its crowning triumph a veritable turban.

❀

A Scheme of Grey, Mauve, and Nattier Blue, Completed by a Tissue Turban

THE worst of disarranged coiffures is thus successfully concealed, and, moreover, in the so-called trice, a similar time-saving problem is provided in the easiest of slip-on gowns or jumpers. That variety may be attained at a moderate expenditure, many women are keeping a skirt, perhaps two, of soft silk, satin, or *crêpe de Chine*, over which they adjust various slip-on tunics. To meet the moods of our capricious climate, it is well to have these of different weight. Chiffon velvet, for example, can be worn the year through almost, and a good *crêpe* georgette, as we are all finding, is no flimsy transparency. Of commendable and charming simplicity is the example, depicted on page 532, of oyster-grey georgette, trimmed with silver tassels and beads, and worn with a deep folded *ceinture* of deep violet *crêpe* over a skirt ot delicate Nattier blue charmeuse. Silver tissue composes the turban, together with violet and silver brocade, a single feather standing erect in front.

A COUNTRY SUIT

Of "Blighty" heather-mixture Tweed with a super-monster collar

❀

"Blighty" Tweeds

PLEASE note, one and all, the arrival upon the scene of the "Blighty" tweeds, for a very particular and special interest centres upon their production. These beautiful materials are hand-woven by wounded sailors and soldiers discharged from active service. The brilliant idea was originated some time back, and a committee was formed to carry out the scheme, which has already proved itself an unqualified boon and blessing to many a brave wounded man, who, after the necessary instruction, is in a position to earn a livelihood for himself and his family in spite of the fact that he is suffering from permanently impaired health.

The hand looms are set up in Scotland, that

(*Continued on page 532*)